

dead
☰☰
prez

lets get free

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Wolves"

[Wolf Howls]

I'm not a hunter but i am told,
that, uh, in places like in the arctic,
where indiginous people sometimes might, might, hunt a wolf,
they'll take a double edged blade,
and they'll put blood on the blade,
and they'll melt the ice and stick the handle in the ice,
so that only the blade is protruding,
and that a wolf will smell the blood and wants to eat,
and it will come and lick the blade trying to eat,
and what happens is when the wolf licks the blade,
of course, he cuts his tongue, and he bleeds,
and he thinks he's really having a good thing,
and he drinks and he licks and he licks,
and of course he is drinking his own blood and he kills himself,
thats what the Imperialists did with us with crack cocaine,
you have these young brothers out there who think they are getting something
they gonna make a living with,
they is getting something they can buy a car,
like the white people have cars, why can't i have a car?
they getting something they can get a piece of gold,
white people have gold, why can't i have gold?
they getting something to get a house,
white people have a house, why can't i have a house?
and they actually think that theres something thats bringing resources to them,
but they're killing themsleves just like the wolf was licking the blade,
and they're slowly dying without knowing it.
thats whats happening to the community, you with me on that?
thats exactly, precisely what happens to the community,
and instead of blaming the hunter who put the damn handle and blade in the ice
for the wolf,
that what happens is the wolf gets the blame, gets the blame for trying to live,
thats what happens in our community,
you don't blame the person, the victim,
you blame the oppressor, Imperialism, white power is the enemy,
was the enemy when it first came to Africa,
and snatched up the first African brothers here against our will,
iss the enemy today,
and thats the thing that we have to understand.

[Clapping]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"I'm A African"

Yo turn this motherfucking shit up!
Ha ha ha
Uhuru, coupe tete boule kay
Rwanda, Nigeria, Africa's in the house
My nigga D.R.

[Verse 1]

Nigga the red is for the blood in my arm
The black is for the gun in my palm
And the green is for the tram that grows natural
Like locks on Africans
Holdin the smoke from the herb in my abdomen
Camouflage fatigues, and daishikis
Somewhere in between N.W.A. and P.E.
I'm black like Steve Biko
Raised in the ghetto by the people
Fuck the police you know how we do

[Verse 2]

Ayo my life is like Roots it's a true story
It's too gory for them televised fables on cable
I'm a runaway slave watching the north star
Shackles on my forearm, runnin with the gun on my palm
I'm an African, never was an African-American
Blacker than black I take it back to my origin
Same skin hated by the klansmen
Big nose and lips, big hips and butts, dancin, what

[HOOK:]

I'm a African
I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin
I'm a African
I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin
You a African?
You a African?, louder
Do you know what's happenin?
I'm a African
I'm a African, uhh
And I know what's happenin

It's plain to see, you cant change me
cuz I'm a people army for life

Where you from fool?

[Verse 3]

No I wasn't born in Ghana, but Africa is my momma
And I did not end up here from bad karma
Or from B-Ball, selling mad crack or rappin
Peter Tosh try to tell us what happened
He was sayin if you black then you African
So they had to kill him, and make him a villain
Cuz he was teachin the children
I feel him, he was tryin to drop us a real gem
That's why we bucking holes in the ceilin when we hearin

[HOOK]

A-F-R-I-C-A, Puerto Rico, Haiti, and J.A.
New York and Cali, F-L-A
No it ain't 'bout where you stay, it's bout the motherland
[x2]

[Verse 4]

It's like tank top, flip flop
Knotty dread lock, fuck a cop, hip hop
Make your head bop
Bounce to this, socialist movement
My environment made me the nigga I am
Uncle Sam came and got me and arrested my fam
Try to infiltrate and murder off the best of my clan
I'm not American, punk, Democrat, or Republican
Remember that, most of the cats we know, be hustlin
My momma work, all her life and still strugglin
I blame it on the government and say it on the radio
(What) and if you don't already know
All these Uncle Tom ass kissin niggas got to go

Dead Prez Lyrics

"They Schools"

Why haven't you learned anything?

Man that school shit is a joke
The same people who control the school system control
The prison system, and the whole social system
Ever since slavery, nawsayin?

[Verse 1]

I went to school with some redneck crackers
Right around the time 3rd Bass dropped the cactus album
But I was readin Malcolm
I changed my name in '89 cleaning parts of my brain
Like a baby nine
I took a history class serious
Front row, every day of the week, 3rd period
Fuckin with the teachers had, callin em racist
I tried to show them crackers some light, they couldn't face it
I got my diploma from a school called Rickers
Full of, teenage mothers, and drug dealin niggas
In the hallways, the popo was always present
Searchin through niggas possessions
Lookin for, dope and weapons, get your lessons
That's why my moms kept stressin
I tried to pay attention but they classes wasn't interestin
They seemed to only glorify the Europeans
Claimin Africans were only three-fifths a human being

[HOOK:]

They schools can't teach us shit
My people need freedom, we tryin to get all we can get
All my high school teachers can suck my dick
Tellin me white man lies straight bullshit *[echoes]*
They schools ain't teachin us, what we need to know to survive
(Say what, say what)
They schools don't educate, all they teach the people is lies

You see dog, you see how quick these motherfuckers be to like
Be tellin niggas get a diploma so you can get a job
Knowwhatimsayin but they don't never tell you how the job
Gonna exploit you every time knowwhatimsayin that's why I be like
Fuck they schools!

[Verse 2]

School is like a 12 step brainwash camp
They make you think if you drop out you ain't got a chance
To advance in life, they try to make you pull your pants up
Students fight the teachers and get took away in handcuffs

And if that wasn't enough, then they expel y'all
Your peoples understand it but to them, you a failure
Observation and participation, my favorite teachers
When they beat us in the head with them books, it don't reach us
Whether you breakdance or rock suede addidas
Or be in the bathroom with your clique, smokin reefer
Then you know they math class aint important 'less you addin up cash
In multiples, unemployment aint rewardin
They may as well teach us extortion
You either get paid or locked up, the principal is like a warden
In a four year sentence, mad niggas never finish
But that doesn't mean I couldn't be a doctor or a dentist

[HOOK: first part of hook twice]

Cuz for real, a mind is a terrible thing to waste
And all y'all high class niggas with y'all nose up
Cuz we droppin this shit on this joint, fuck y'all
We gon speak for ourselves
Knowhatimsayin? Cuz see the schools aint teachin us nothin
They aint teachin us nothin but how to be slaves and hardworkers
For white people to build up they shit
Make they businesses successful while it's exploitin us
Knowhatimsayin? And they aint teachin us nothin related to
Solv'n our own problems, knowhatimsayin?
Aint teachin us how to get crack out the ghetto
They aint teachin us how to stop the police from murdering us
And brutalizing us, they aint teachin us how to get our rent paid
Knowhatimsayin? They aint teachin our families how to interact
Better with each other, knowhatimsayin? They just teachin us
How to build they shit up, knowhatimsayin? That's why my niggas
Got a problem with this shit, that's why niggas be droppin out that
Shit cuz it don't relate, you go to school the fuckin police
Searchin you you walkin in your shit like this a military compound
Knowhatimsayin? So school don't even relate to us
Until we have some shit where we control the fuckin school system
Where we reflect how we gon solve our own problems
Them niggas aint gon relate to school, shit that just how it is
Knowhatimsayin? And I love education, knowhatimsayin?
But if education aint elevatin me, then you knowhatimsayin it aint
Takin me where I need to go on some bullshit, then fuck education
Knowhatimsayin? At least they shit, matter of fact my nigga
this whole school system can suck my dick, BEEYOTCH!!

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Hip-Hop"

[Intro]

Uh, Uh, Uh, 1, 2, 1, 2
Uh, Uh, 1, 2, 1, 2, uh, uh
All my dogs

[Hook]

It's bigger than hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip
It's bigger than hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip hop

[Verse 1]

Uh, one thing 'bout music, when it hit you feel no pain
white folks says it controls your brain
I know better than that, that's game and we ready for that
Two soldiers head of the pack, matter of fact who got the gat?
And where my army at?
Rather attack and not react
Back the beats, it don't reflect on how many records get sold
On sex, drugs, and rock and roll, whether your project's put on hold
In the real world, these just people with ideas
They just like me and you when the smoke and camera disappear
Again the real world (world), it's bigger than all these fake ass records
When poor folks got the millions and my woman's disrespected
If you check 1,2, my word of advice to you is just relax
Just do what you got to do, if that don't work then kick the facts
If you a fighter, rider, ?bout'er?, flame ignitor, crowd exciter
Or you wanna just get high, then just say it
But then if you a liar-liar, pants on fire, wolf-cry agent with a wire
I'm gonna know it when I play it

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Uh, who shot Biggie Smalls?
If we don't get them, they gonna get us all
I'm down for runnin' up on them crackers in they city hall
We ride for y'all, all my dogs stay real
Nigga don't think these record deals gonna feed your seeds
And pay your bills because they not
MC's get a little bit of love and think they hot
Talkin' bout how much money they got, all y'all records sound the same
I sick of that fake thug, R & B, rap scenario all day on the radio
Same scenes in the video, monotonous material, y'all don't here me though
These record labels slang our tapes like dope
You can be next in line, and signed, and still be writing rhymes and broke
You would rather have a Lexus, some justice, a dream or some substance?
A Beamer, a necklace or freedom?
Still a nigga like me don't playa' hate, I just stay awake

This real hip hop, and it don't stop until we get the po-po off the block
They call it....

[Hook]

Uh, DP's got that crazy shit we keep it crunk up
John Blaze'd and shit what

[repeat]

Fake, fake, fake records

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Police State"

[Sample of Chairman Omali Yeshitela:]

You have the emergence in human society
of this thing that's called the State
What is the State? The State is this organized bureaucracy
It is the po-lice department. It is the Army, the Navy
It is the prison system, the courts, and what have you
This is the State -- it is a repressive organization
But the state -- and gee, well, you know,
you've got to have the police, cause..
if there were no police, look at what you'd be doing to yourselves!
You'd be killing each other if there were no police!
But the reality is..
the police become necessary in human society
only at that junction in human society
where it is split between those who have and those who ain't got

[Dead Prez]

I throw a Molotov cocktail at the precinct, you know how we think
Organize the hood under I Ching banners
Red, Black and Green instead of gang bandanas
F.B.I. spyin on us through the radio antennas
And them hidden cameras in the streetlight watchin society
With no respect for the people's right to privacy
I'll take a slug for the cause like Huey P.
while all you fake niggaz {UNNNGH} try to copy Master P
I want to be free to live, able to have what I need to live
Bring the power back to the street, where the people live
We sick of workin for crumbs and fillin up the prisons
Dyin over money and relyin on religion for help
We do for self like ants in a colony
Organize the wealth into a socialist economy
A way of life based off the common need
And all my comrades is ready, we just spreadin the seed

[Chorus: Dead Prez]

The average Black male
Live a third of his life in a jail cell
Cause the world is controlled by the white male
And the people don't never get justice
And the women don't never get respected
And the problems don't never get solved
And the jobs don't never pay enough
So the rent always be late; can you relate?
We livin in a police state

[Dead Prez]

No more bondage, no more political monsters

No more secret space launchers
Government departments started it in the projects
Material objects, thousands up in the closets
Could've been invested in a future for my comrades
Battle contacts, primitive weapons out in combat
Many never come back
Pretty niggaz be runnin with gats
Rather get shot in they back than fire back
We tired of that - corporations hirin blacks
Denyin the facts, exploitin us all over the map
That's why I write the shit I write in my raps
It's documented, I meant it
Every day of the week, I live in it; breathin it
It's more than just fuckin believin it
I'm holdin them ones, rollin up my sleeves an' shit
It's cee-lo for push-ups now, many headed for one conclusion
Niggaz ain't ready for revolution

[Chorus: Dead Prez]

[police siren wails]

[speaker unknown]

I am.. a revolutionary
and you're gonna have to keep on sayin that
You're gonna have to say that I am a proletariat
I am the people, I'm not the pig

[another speaker]

Guiliani you are full of shit!
And anybody that's down with you!
You could man-make things better for us
and you cuttin the welfare
Knowin damn well when you cut the welfare,
a person gon' do crime..

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Behind Enemy Lines"

[conversations in a prison facility]

[Verse 1]

Yo, little Khadejah pops is locked, he wanna pop the lock
But prison ain't nothin but a private stock
And she be dreamin 'bout his date of release
She hate the police
But loved by her grandma who hugs and kisses her
Her father's a political prisoner, free Fred
Son of a Panther that the government shot dead
Back in 12-4-1969
4 o'clock in the mornin, it's terrible but it's fine
Cuz Fred Hampton jr., looks just like him
Walks just like him, talks just like him
And it might be frightenin, the feds and the snitches
See him organize the gang, brothers and sisters
So he had to be framed yo, you know how the game go
18 years because the 5-0 said so
They said he set a fire to a Arab store
But he ignited the minds of the young black and poor

[HOOK:]

Behind enemy lines, my niggas is cellmates
Most of the youth never escape the jail fate
Super maximum camps will advance they game plan
To keep us in the hands of the man locked up

(Hello?)

Collect call from Ness

(Where are you?)

Yo shit is crazy boo, I miss you

(Have you been alright?)

Yo, can you put some money in my commissary?

[Verse 2]

Little Kenny been smokin lucy since he was 12
Now he 25 locked up wit a L
They call him triple K, cuz he killed 3 niggas
Another ghetto child got turned into a killa
His pops was a Vietnam veteran on heroin
Used like a pawn by these white North Americans
Mama couldn't handle the stress so went crazy
Grandmama had to raise the baby
Just a young boy, born to a life of poverty
Hustlin, robbery, whatever brung the paper home
Carried the chrome like a blind man hold a cane
Tattoos all over his chest so you could know his name

But y'all know how the game go
Deez kicked in the front door and guess who they came for
A young nigga headed for the pen, coulda been, shoulda been
Never see the hood again

[HOOK x2]

[Spanish speak]

You aint gotta be locked up to be in prison
Look how we livin
30,000 niggas a day, up in the bing, standin routine
They put is in a box just like our life on the block
Behind enemy lines

[Repeat]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Assassination"

Our people are poor, and you know damn
well nobody wants to be poor
This play is gonna show how the pigs
react when the people start
To take community, control over what
belongs to them
And liberate it back *[echoes]*

Sometimes I just don't care

[Verse 1]

Murderation, modern hanging education
Price of your life is goin up it ain't inflation
Incrimination, they got my picture at the station
Elimination, state to state we eatin by this nation
Them belly full, my trigger finger got pulled
To cut the bull shots'll warm your flesh like wool
These tools for survival make fools out of rivals
Fuck the Bible, get on your knees and praise my rifle
Your life is done there aint another place to run
Eat your own gun, scared because my people never known fun

[Verse 2]

Cops drive down the streets and blow my friends away
I try to smoke enough lah to take my sins away
This E&J be freein us in it's own special way son
We live for the day, the only way dunn
The violence in me, reflect the violence that surround me
[?] Mr. Charley keep his eye on me
To figure my head, but them ass kissin niggas is dead
We learn the chokeholds with fishermen's thread
I read The Art of Sun-Tzu in a couple of fuckin days
Used to practice Kung-Fu with this nigga that's like, double my age
And you can put this on the government's grave
Somebody payin for the way we have to suffer and slave
Assassination, word up

I hope they get the assassins, I hope
that something is done to them
Problem is they're killing them, it
reminds me of something like what
Happened to Lincoln

You ain't even safe wit a full clip
I swear on the president's grave
I'm sick of livin in this bullshit
We down to take it to the full length

Meet us up on Capitol Hill, and we can
get up in some real shit
[repeat]

Assassination, *[gunshot]* yeah

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Mind Sex"

[Chorus]

It's time for some mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet
We can burn the incense, and just chat
Relax, I got the good vibrations
Before we make love let's have a good conversation

[Verse 1]

Pardon me love but you seem like my type
What you doin tonight? you should stop by the site
We could, roll some weed play some records and talk
I got a fly spot downtown Brooklyn, New York
Now I know you think I wanna fuck, no doubt
but tonight we'll try a different route, how bout we start
With a salad, a fresh bed of lettuce with croutons
Later we can play a game of chess on the futon
See i ain't got to get in your blouse
It's your eye contact, that be getting me aroused
When you show me your mind, it make me wanna show you mines
Reflecting my light, when it shines, just takin our time
Before the night's through, we could get physical too
I ain't tryin to say I don't wanna fuck, cause I do
But for me boo, makin love is just as much mental
I like to know what I'm gettin into

[Chorus]

We could have mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet
We can burn the incense, and just chat
Relax, I got the good vibrations
Before we make love let's have a good conversation

It's time for some mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet
We can burn the incense, and just chat
Relax, I got the good vibrations
Before we make love let's have a good conversation
Time for some mind sex...

[singing:] before we make love

Yeah, what you know about mind sex?

[singing:] before we make love

[Verse 2]

African princess, tell me yo' interests
Wait, let me guess boo, you probably like poetry
Here's a little something I jotted down in case I spotted you around
So let me take this opportunity

Would you share a moment with me, over herbal tea?
Take a walk verbally, make a bond certainly
Cuz in my hand I bet your hand fit perfectly
And it's like we floatin out in space when you flirtin wit me
C'mon, a little foreplay don't hurt (hmmm)
Imagine my chest under this shirt, your ass under your skirt
It's like walking the hot sands and finding an oasis
Opposites attract that's the basis
Our sex is the wind that seperates the yin from the yang
The balance that means complete change, our aim
Is to touch you in a delicate spot
And once we get it started I ain't trying to stop

[Chorus]

But first we have mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet
We can burn the incense, and just chat
Relax, I got the good vibrations
Before we make love let's have a good conversation

It's time for some mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet
We can burn the incense, and just chat
Relax, I got the good vibrations
Before we make love let's have a good conversation
Mind sex...

[Spoken]

She smiles, I smile
She walks, no she glides softly by me changing night into day
She opens her mouth to speak, and so sounds ring in my head
She speaks, and i want to dance to her rhythm
She moves ever so gently, increasing my desires,
As i place my arms around her waist,
Hold and squeeze unto me,
I want to melt into her body, and discover the base of her warmth
Her beautiful black body that, no human mind could ever conceive
She's love
She's truth
She's real, as real as the stars that shine in the heavens
As real as the sun that bathes her body,
As real as the moon that glows and the birds that sing and the rose
That blossoms in spring for she is that rose
And not just any rose,
But a black rose,
Black rose stands tall and stronger than any other plant
A black rose, that stands as creator, of nations of
Black rose
That never loses her petals, and blossoms all year round
Black rose,
Sweet rose,
Thornless rose
Eternal rose
Please look my way,
Please look my way

Please look my way

Black rose

Dead Prez Lyrics

"We Want Freedom"

I was born black, I live black,
and I'ma die probably because I'm black
because some cracker that knows I'm black
better than you nigga, is probably gonna put
a bullet in the back of my head!!

Yeah our lives fucked up, no doubt
All this shit we go through every day
Sometimes a nigga don't know what the fuck to do
But see I got my niggas
And we gon organize a people army
And we gon get control over our own lives
And I mean that shit right there from the bottom of my shit
I Ching

[Verse 1]

Yeah, yeah
Imagine havin no runnin water to drink
Chemicals contaminate the pipes leadin to your sink
Just think, if the grocery stores close they doors
And they saturate the streets with tanks and start martial law
Would you be ready for civil war
Could you take the life of somebody you know,
or have feelings for if necessary?
I got cousins in the military
But far as I'm concerned they died, when they registered

[Verse 2]

Yo, this world is oh so cold, I think about my ancestors
Being sold, and it make me wanna break the mold
Fuck the gold and the party, train yourself, clean your shottie
Tell me what you gon do to get free, we need more than MC's
We need Hueys, and revolutionaries
The niggas on the streets today, it's kinda scary
The smell around my way ain't roses or strawberries
In fact it's kinda poisonous, bringin out the boy in us
But I'ma stand up on my own, like a man do
Dominate the land and make wealth, like Fu-Manchu
Yes the peoples army stick together like glue
We represent the I-Ching, and to this we stand true
Military formation, anyone participation is welcome
Each one teach one, son help son
Just one gun is all it take to get it started
Livin in the wilderness of the west we cold hearted

[HOOK x2:]

If you don't think it could happen think again my son

Be prepared for the worst that's yet to come
We want freedom, prophecies and ancient wisdom
Cataclysm, niggas be like fuck the system

I don't wanna be no movie star
I don't wanna drive no fancy car
I just wanna be free, to live my life, to live my own life

[Verse 3]

Yeah, I'm for peace
But I'll kill ya if ya fuck with my moms or my niece
See we all want peace, but the problem is
Crackers want a bigger piece
Got it where the niggas can't get a piece
That's why police get stabbed and shot
Cuz a nigga can't eat if the ave is hot
Locked up you get three hot meals and one cot
Then you sit and rot, never even got a fair shot
That's where a whole lotta niggas end up
My man moms even got sent up, tryin to keep the rent up
When I'm bent up I think alot about the reason I'm here
I think about the things I fear in the comin years
Ahead of me, I'm ready for whatever they bring though
I'd go against a tank wit a shank for my dreams
And that's my fuckin word
One day the whole world will smoke herb
And niggas won't get took to jail for hangin on the curb

[HOOK x2]

[next part of hook]

[HOOK]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Be Healthy"

It's all love . . .

I don't eat no meat, no dairy, no sweets
only ripe vegetables, fresh fruit and whole wheat
I'm from the old school, my household smell like soul food, bro
curried falafel, barbecued tofu
no fish though, no candy bars, no cigarettes
only ganja and fresh-squeezed juice from oranges
exercising daily to stay healthy
and I rarely drink water out the tap, cause it's filthy

Lentil soup is mental fruit
and ginger root is good for the yout'
Fresh veg-e-table with the ital stew
sweet yam fries with the green calaloo
careful how you season and prepare your foods
cause you don't wanna lose vitamins and miner-ules
and that's the jewel
life brings life, it's valuable, so I eat what comes
from the ground, it's natural
let your food be your medicine (uh huh)
no Excederin (uh uh)
strictly herb, generate in the sun, cause I got melanin
and drink water, eight glasses a day
cause that's what they say

They say you are what you eat, so I strive to be healthy
my goal in life is not to be rich or wealthy
cause true wealth comes from good health, and wise ways
we got to start taking better care of ourselves

They say you are what you eat, so I strive to be healthy
my goal in life is not to be rich or wealthy
cause true wealth comes from good health, and wise ways
we got to start taking better care of ourselves, be
healthy y'all . . .

Yeah, yeah, yeah, hold the fuck up, yo
we'll take this little intermission, listen what the
fuck we gotta say, y'know?
Word is bond son, niggaz been livin fat for too long, knowamsayin?
Smokin bogeys, fuckin drinkin all types of shit
wailin out, not givin a fuck what they puttin in they
bodies, son, knowamsayin?
æ...out time niggaz start thinkin about that shit, son, knowamsayin?
That shit is fuckin, makin us deteriorate, son
word up, we gotta care bout our little babies an shit, son

niggaz got kids to raise, straight up
ya gotta start learnin yo self, learning bout ya health, son
learnin this world we live in, kid, knowamsayin?
It's time to start changin all that shit god, word up
so I'm gonna leave y'all niggaz on some shit like that, ya knowamean?
Word up, y'all niggaz better start usin y'all minds an
shit, kid
Peace

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Discipline"

- Peace,
- Who dis?
- Yo, this Deedon Nigga, whats the deal Rob?
- Peace, whats the deal you knowwhatl mean?
- Yo these niggaz having this be Healthy shit today son (Yeah) you know how that shit is going down (Word) its gonna be mad trees (Damn), mad snaz (Man) ya mean you know how we gon do.
- Yeah son I can't even fuck wit it man nah mean I got mad shit to do son
- Yo son stop playing (Come on)
- Man I wish I could fuck wit you man. (Do that shit tomorrow or something)
- Yeah I wish I can go man but I got mad shit to do, this shit comes first you know? You know how it is man
- Yeah I hear you man, you know I'm gonna hold it down and represent for you man P.e.o.p.l.e
- Call me baby, one love
- Yeah Peace

Discipline makes things easier, organize your life
Discipline makes things easier, organize your life
Uh um, uh um, its gonna be alright
Uh um, uh um, its gonna be fine
Uh um, uh um, its gonna be alright
Uh um, uh um, its gonna be fine

Discipline, discipline (practice makes perfect)
Discipline, discipline (Health is wealth)
Discipline, discipline (All things in moderation, plan your work work your plan)

Discipline *[repeats until end of song fading out]*

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Psychology"

[Intro:]

"I was born, in a dump
My mama died and my father got drunk
They left me, to die or grow
In the middle of Tobacco Road
I grew up in a rusty shack
All i owned was hangin on my back
And Lord knows, how I learnt
This place called Tobacco Road
Tobacco Road, you're dirty and you're filthy
Tobacco Road, gonna get me some dynamite and a crane
I'm gonna blow it up, Lord knows gonna start all over again"

"My mind is the place where I make my plans
The world is the place where I take my stand
The beauty of life is mine today
They cannot take my mind away"

[M1]

Fuck what you heard, I'm from Africa
This ain't no act it's mathematical
Past the black radical
I choose the M1, because it's practical
Nothin was changed, we ain't protected
No names, it's all factual
They push the wrong buttons, count down to detonate
Brooklyn blown away and the world will have to speculate
This is what we learn in the streets, fuck a degree
Believe in none of what you hear and half of what you see

[Stic]

It's like watching your own father smoke crack
I have nightmares on shit like that
No way in hell I'll ever get like that
I seen a lot of shit in twenty-two years
It's like a tour of duty
My life is booby-trapped, it's hard to see the beauty
When your heart is turning ice cold
Cold like your hands exposed to blistering winds
My mother keep her eyes closed, she say she prayin
I listen close to what she sayin
When she speak of Jesus I ignore it
But when it's practical I'm all for it
You got to think like a soldier
I'm training myself to snatch pistols out of holsters
Discipline keep the mind focused
This whole world is a corn field son

Look out for flying locusts

[Chorus x2]

Don't let 'em get in your head, they try to probe you
Figure your thoughts so they can try and control you
And through you, control your whole crew
It's psychology boy, now what the fuck that make you wanna do?

[M1]

You can't walk the streets with no state of mind
Blind to the ways of mankind
And if you know the time, give me a sign
Tell me where we draw the line
I got your back if you got mine
My enemy's enemy is my man
One dreadlock is stronger than one strand while the crackers got the upper hand
My comrades stand on lands stolen
Every tooth a golden opportunity
Who holdin my community hostage?
10% ransom, costing us time we lost and some
This is how the plan runs
Thinkin with a fugitive brain
What we do to live is insane
Holdin the weed, healing my membranes
Just like crack, you know it all boils down
to the dollars-and-cents of it
Niggaz commence to get [?] to sentenced to serve terms
Jumping the fence, the black germ is loose
When will they learn?
Psychology

[Stic]

We piss on walls and smoke reefa in the halls
No respect for their laws
I cut your face with a kitchen knife
In gladiator times, man against machinery
The tree bark fatigues help me blend in with the scenery boy
Life is a series of serious choices
Theories is formed from experience, never mysterious forces
Various courses of life can lead to failure
Too much of anything is a trap
My mind snap
Guerilla warfare for two grand
They say karate means 'empty hands'
So then it's perfect for the poor man...
They say karate means 'empty hands'
So then it's perfect for the poor man

[Chorus x2]

[Bridge]

[M1]

When you think of us think of pyramids and pistols
And glimmering gold teeth that shine like crystals
The mind is like a jewel son
Only a fool wouldn't grasp it
Wisdom is a tool, you get blasted
When you think of us think of pyramids and pistols
And glimmering gold teeth that shine like crystals
The mind is like a jewel son
Only a fool wouldn't grasp it
Wisdom is a tool, you get blasted

"Free your mind, and the rest will follow
Seize the time, no-one is promised tomorrow"

[Repeat until fade]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Happiness"

[Verse 1:]

Yo, it's a beautiful day, and everybody's feelin' wonderful
The ladies is out, lookin' fly, dressed comfortable
I love to wake up, and feel the breeze through my window
Slip on a fatigues, grab a dutch and roll some indo
It be days like these, that make life so much easier
Fish thawin' out, Guinness Stout in the freezer
Walk the block at my leisure (my leisure)
Summertime is like a anesthesia
So many pretty things to please ya
The greenery
Beautiful birds, natural scenery
Or even just a infinite sky
We be forever puffin' lah
On the block, or tellin' jokes in the ride (ha ha ha)
When the weather be hot, everybody be outside (whut)
Havin' fun (aight?), eatin' fresh fruits and vegetables
And good food put me in the mood for a festival
Some say the summer make a woman more sexual (s'up, boo)
It's instinct -- that's why my game be right on schedule
I put the great Mother Nature on a pedestal
She always fly, but today, she's exceptional
If I had a chance to make a wish
Every day would be just like this, full of Happiness

[Chorus:]

I feel great
Even though we got mad things to deal with
Happiness is all in the mind
Let's unwind, and find a reason to smile
I'm just glad to be livin'
Feelin' fine
Leavin' my bad times behind

Feels great
And no, we can't escape from the realness
Happiness is all in the mind
Let's unwind, and find a reason to smile
I'm just glad to be alive
Feelin' fine
Livin' life one day at a time
Feelin' great

Yeah, know'msayin'?
I just wanna give a shout out
To everybody who got a birthday today
Happiness (Happiness)

[Verse 2]

Have you ever heard the children play?
Sometime, I feel the same way, roll up a j, and get away
Put some food on the grill
And just chill
Maybe build with my elders (uh)
Never know the things they could tell ya
Learnin' why the caged bird sings (why it do that?)
'Cuz it's the vital things you know that separate the men from the Kings
The flowers that bloom and the Sun (uh)
And everybody singin' the tune, 'cuz it's time to have fun
We out, rollerbladin' (uh, uh), a day where no one coulda stayed inside
Wash the car, now it's time to take a ride
Me and my crew hangin' out, all night to sunrise
Celebration of life, 'cuz every day is a surprise
Think of the rich countryside on the land of Jamaica
Mountains, springs and green acres
Or any other place in the world your mind takes you
It's the good times in life that everybody can relate to (uh)
And you can leave your troubles behind
And have a wonderful time
Lay back and just ease your mind (whut)
You can leave your troubles behind
And have a wonderful time
Lay back and just ease your mind

[Chorus]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Animal In Man"

[Two Guys Talking]

[Guy 1]

Help me!

[Guy 2]

You want me to help you?

Man is evil, capable of nothing but destruction

[Narrator]

Once upon a time

There was a very serious situation growing

There was a farmer and a farmyard filled with animals

And this is the story of their times

[Verse 1]

Old man Sammy had a farm

Walked the land with the wife

Most of the time shit was calm

His whole life was maintained off the everyday labor

from the mules in the field to the cattle in the stable

This is how we kept food on this table (maxing)

You would have he was disabled by the way he be relaxing

Acting like Mr. Magnificent

But the animals were thinking something different

The sentiment was tension in the barnyard

Throughout the years they had been through mad drama

with the farmer, word is bond

And they all came to one conclusion

They argued there was no way they'd ever be free

If it was up to humans

Therefore the only course left was revolution which was understandable

And since the pigs promised to lead in the interest of all the animals

They planned a full attack

Under the leadership of Hannibal

The fattest pig in the pack

The next morning on the farm

Everything was calm

Just before dawn

But before long

The sun got so hot it made the farm seem electric

Now check it

This is when that shit got hectic

Directed by Hannibal, the animals attacked

Old Sam was in a state of shock

And fell up on his back

And dropped his rifle

Reaching in vain

Each and every creature from the field at his throat

Screaming "Kill, feel the pain."

[Chorus]

This is the animal in man
This is the animal in you
This is the animal in man
Coming true *[x2]*

[Verse 2]

After they ran the farmer off the farm
The pigs went around and called a meeting in the barn
Hannibal spoke for several hours
But when talks about his plans for power
That's when the conversation turned sour
He issued an official ordinance to set
If not a pig from this day forth then you insubordinate
That's when the horses went buckwild
One of them shouted out
"You fraudulent pigs, we know your fucking style!"
Hannibal's face was flushed and pale
All the animals eyes full of disgust and betrayal
He felt the same way Sam felt
They took his tongue out of his mouth
And cut his body up for sale, for real
You better listen while you can
It's a very thin line between animal and man
When Hannibal crossed the line they all took a stand
What would have done?
Shook his hand?
This is the animal in man

[Chorus x4]

[Narrator]

Remember...

Dead Prez Lyrics

"It's Bigger Than Hip-Hop"

[radio tuning]

It's still bigger than hip hop hip hop hip hop hip
It's bigger than hip hop hip hop hip hop hip hop

[Verse 1]

Uhh, uhh, uhh
One thing 'bout music when it's real they get scared
Got us slavin for the welfare
Aint no food, clothes, or healthcare
I'm down for guerilla warfare
All my niggas put your guns in the air if you really don't care
Skunk in the air, make a nigga wanna buck in the air
for my brother locked up in the jump for a year
Shit is real out here don't believe these videos
This fake ass industry gotta pay to get a song on the radio
Really though, DP'z gon' let you know
It's just a game of pimps and hoes
And it's all 'bout who you know
Not who we are, or how we grow
I rap 'bout what I know, what I go through
What I been through, not just for no dough
Even though the rent due, what I'm into aint for no dough
Or just no fame, everything must change, nothin remains the same
Sick of the same ol' thang, it's bigger than "Bling Bling"

[HOOK:]

If I, feel it I feel it, if I don't, I don't
If it aint really real then I probably won't
Rollin with my soldiers, live soldiers, ready to ride
For this real hip hop y'all I'm ready to die
Uhh, hip what hop what hip what hop what hip what hop what hip what
Hop c'mon, c'mon, my soldiers, live soldiers, ready to ride
For this real hip hop y'all I'm ready to die

[Verse 2]

Hip hop means sayin what I want never bite my tongue
Hip hop means teaching the young
If you feelin what I'm feelin then you hearin what I'm sayin
cause these fake fake records just keep on playin
What you sayin huh DP bringin the funk
Let the bassline rattle your trunk, uhhh!
Punk pig wit a badge wanna handcuff me cuz my pants that's tend to sag
Hip hop means throw up your rag, soldier flag
Whether ridin on the bus or you stole a jag
M-1 mean freedom, burn the cash
Revolutionary love til the day we pass

Will they play it on the radio
Maybe not, maybe so we gon keep it pumpin though
Everybody know we headed for the whoa, fo sho

[Verse 3]

Ay dogg that label is that slave ship
Owners got them whips and rappers is slaves
If you really wanna eat you gotta hear the same thing
With the football, b-ball, or if you slangin that dope
Aint never seen no hope, brainwash video shows be foolin my folk
What the hell a brother gon do though, huh
When the rent due, when the lights and the gas gonna get cut off
Drop them raps or cock them gats
Aint never had shit ever since we came to this bitch
Why I gotta feel pain to get rich
'Stead of stackin chips, finna pack them clips

[HOOK x2]

(Ride to this if you miss Tupac, bounce to this if you love Big Poppa)

We keep it crunkah

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Propaganda"

[Intro: news snippets]

"Let me now turn, to our program for the future..."
"The economy right now, is extremely supportive of the president and his policies"
"FBI scientists have found chemical traces, consistent with a bomb or a missile, on a piece of wreckage..."
"Police using clubs and tear gas against demonstrators..."
"They called me a mother -(bleeped out)-ing so-and-so...and a white facist...like they said, 'you're getting some of your own medicine'..."

[Singing:]

Telling lies, to our vision
Telling lies, to our children
Telling lies, to our babies
Only truth, can take us away

[Verse 1:]

You can't fool all the people all of the time
But if you fool the right ones, then the rest will fall behind
Tell me who's got control of your mind? your world view?
Is it the news or the movie you're taking your girl to? (uh)
Know what i'm sayin cause Uncle Sam got a plan
If you examine what they tellin us then you will understand
What they plantin in the seeds of the next generation
Feeding our children miseducation
No one knows if there's UFO's or any life on mars
Or what they do when they up in the stars
Because i don't believe a word of what the president said
He filling our head with lies got us hypnotised
When he be speaking in cold words about crime and poverty
Drugs, welfare, prisons, guns and robbery
It really means us, there's no excuse for the slander
But what's good for the goose, is still good for the gander
See...

[Chorus:]

I don't believe Bob Marley died from cancer
31 years ago i woulda been a panther
They killed Huey cause they knew he had the answer
The views that you see in the news is propaganda

[Singing:]

Telling lies, to our vision
Telling lies, to our children
Telling lies, to our babies
Only truth, can take us away

[Verse 2:]

I don't want no computer chip in my arm
I don't wanna die by a nuclear bomb
I say we all rush the pentagon, pull out guns
And grab the intercom, my first word's will be I believe
Man made God, outta ignorance and fear
If God made man, then why the hell would he put us here?
I thought he's supposed to be the all loving
The same God who let Hitler put the Jews in the oven
We don't fall for the regular shit, they try to feed us
All this half-ass leadership, flippin position
They turn politician and shut the hell up and follow tradition
For your TV screen, is telling lies to your vision
Every channel got some brainwashed cop shit to watch
Running up in niggas cribs claiming that they heard shots
It's a plot, but busta can you tell me who's greedier?
Big corporations, the pigs or the media?
Sign of the times, terrorism on the rise
Commercial airplanes, falling out the sky like flies
Make me wonder what secrets went down with Bob Brown (?)
Who burnt churches to the ground with no evidence found?
It's not coincidence, it's been too many studied incidents
It coulda been the Klan who put that bomb at the Olympics
But it probably was the FBI, deep at the call
Cuz if they make us all panic then they can start martial law

[Chorus:]

I don't believe Bob Marley died from cancer
31 years ago i woulda been a panther
They killed Huey cause they knew he had the answer
The views that you see in the news is propaganda

I don't believe Bob Marley died from cancer
31 years ago i woulda been a panther
You killed Huey cause you knew he had the answer
The views that you see in the news is muthafuckin propaganda

[Singing:]

Police is telling lies fooling millions
What are they teaching our kids in these school buildings?
Televised, enterprised in all the killing
Controlling our lives, this ain't living
No this ain't living

[Chant:]

FBI, CIA
ATF, KKK
IRS, TNT
CBS, NBC

FBI, CIA
ATF, KKK
IRS, TNT

CBS, NBC

[Singing:]

Telling lies, to our vision
Telling lies, to our children
Telling lies, to our babies
Only truth, can take us away

[News snippet:]

"uh, we view each other uh, with uh, a great love and a great understanding and that we try to expand this to the general, uh, black population and also people, oppressed people all over the world, and, i think that uh, we differ from uhmm... uh, some other groups simply because we understand the system better than uh, most uh, groups understand the system, and uh, with this realisation, uh, we attempt to form a strong political base based in the community with the only strength that we have and that's the strength of uh, a potentially destructive force if we don't get freedom."

Dead Prez Lyrics

"The Pistol"

We ain't tryin to hear shit for what? (Cash money)
We whole world operating off a (Cash money)
To all my niggas with a whole lotta (Cash money)
Watch yo' back money

You couldn't neva understand how my mind tick
I'm on some old school crime shit
When niggas sold two's to keep the dimes lit
Ain't no rules when these iron shots are stoned dun
This heat burn through your flesh, stright to the bones
I reach for the buddha cess and zone
I probably have a future of stress, stay depressed and be alone
But as far as the present time its on
I represent mine til I return to the S and said I'm dead and gone
Nobody wanna be broke and you neither
Put me on the co'na, watch me catch a quick case of cream fever
If you be poppin shit my niggas won't believe ya
Probably punch you in the face and take ya wallet when we see ya
But son it gets deeper
I'm runnin with a click thats bein' hunted by the grim reaper
To all my peoples in the man keeper
Let'cha situation be a teacher
Ain't nothin like a education
When I was locked down I learned about patience and dedication
And not to say shit, unless you need a motherfuckin face lift
And as a youth I was a outcast
Runnin around with pellet guns playin war but now it's all about cash

[Chorus:]

I'm caught up, caught up in a mix of shit
And I ain't tryin to hear shit til my got cash to get
Blast you with the pistol
If I have to, in my mind its all about cash in a fistfull
I'm caught up in a mix of shit
And I ain't tryin to hear shit til my got cash to get
Splash you with the pistol
If I have to, in my mind its all about cash in a fistfull

Up late night and upset, and fed up
Niggas comin up wet, I'm dead up
Fuck tryin to your head up
And when it go down, word bond we gotta get up
Too many locked down upstate, son its a set up
My life has sped up, many years I'm straight up
Plenty bears for who ain't here and those who ate up
Test and get sprayed up in the club
We couldn't run it so we take the blade up in the booth

Since we couldn't shoot
We heat it up, losin the shirt, showin the bare chest
I'm blessed, puffin the skunk make me care less
The best that you can do is duck my fuckin crew
If the slugs don't get'cha, lord J'll jig ya
Actin artificial you'll get burnt my the pistol
Before its done, even my guns'll turn to missles
Don't have to blow the whistle on you
'Cuz everybody knows you
Watch yourself around borderline pyschos
Who know my people gotta hold a mint
Or they ain't worth a cent
How can you represent, if you can't pay the rent
And leave a dent in my life time, I'm caught up in trife crime
In fights you neva know what you might find
We stand firm meanwhile cuz niggas that seem wild
Be buckin blanks, if they were men they wouldn't fuck with pranks
I leave them niggas alone and stay home
Unitl it cool down as they remember how my tool sound

[Chorus]

We ain't tryin to hear shit for what? (Cash money)
We whole world operating off a (Cash money)
To all my niggas with a whole lotta (Cash money)
Watch yo' back money

Yeah, we up on what we dealing with
We ain't no criminals
We got the right to have gats
As long as the army, navy, air force, marines got gats
We gon' hold heat, knamsayin?
'Cuz our army gotta represent for us
Word up
Aiiyyo, Maintain (Yeah)
Set that shit son

Forever keeping my shit cocked for drama
Stainless steal, shit is for real
The way these rats is known to squeal, makin' sour deals
Thugs up in to mix with these drugs, caught up in the humble
Bricks and paper by the bundle how the Bronx humble
??? devils get deaded, never regret it, only known to set it
Stealin existence obviuosly ya jetted
Speak the desest, I see the pyramid and eagle
Back of the dollar bill, ill decitful, we consider leathal
God fallin, niggas be ballin, guzzlin alcoholics
Two drinks, too many is like whitey infulltrating your fortress
This is on, we 'bout to form, best prepare for the storm
Ya'll funny niggas quick to ring the alarm
Bomb fell, now a nation is gel
We had to dwell for four hundred or more
The Lord had the right just livin poor

Resurrectin the true and livin back the power
Devils getiin devoured, niggas heard the god holla